

A
COVNTER-BVFF

TO

Lyſimachus Nicanor:

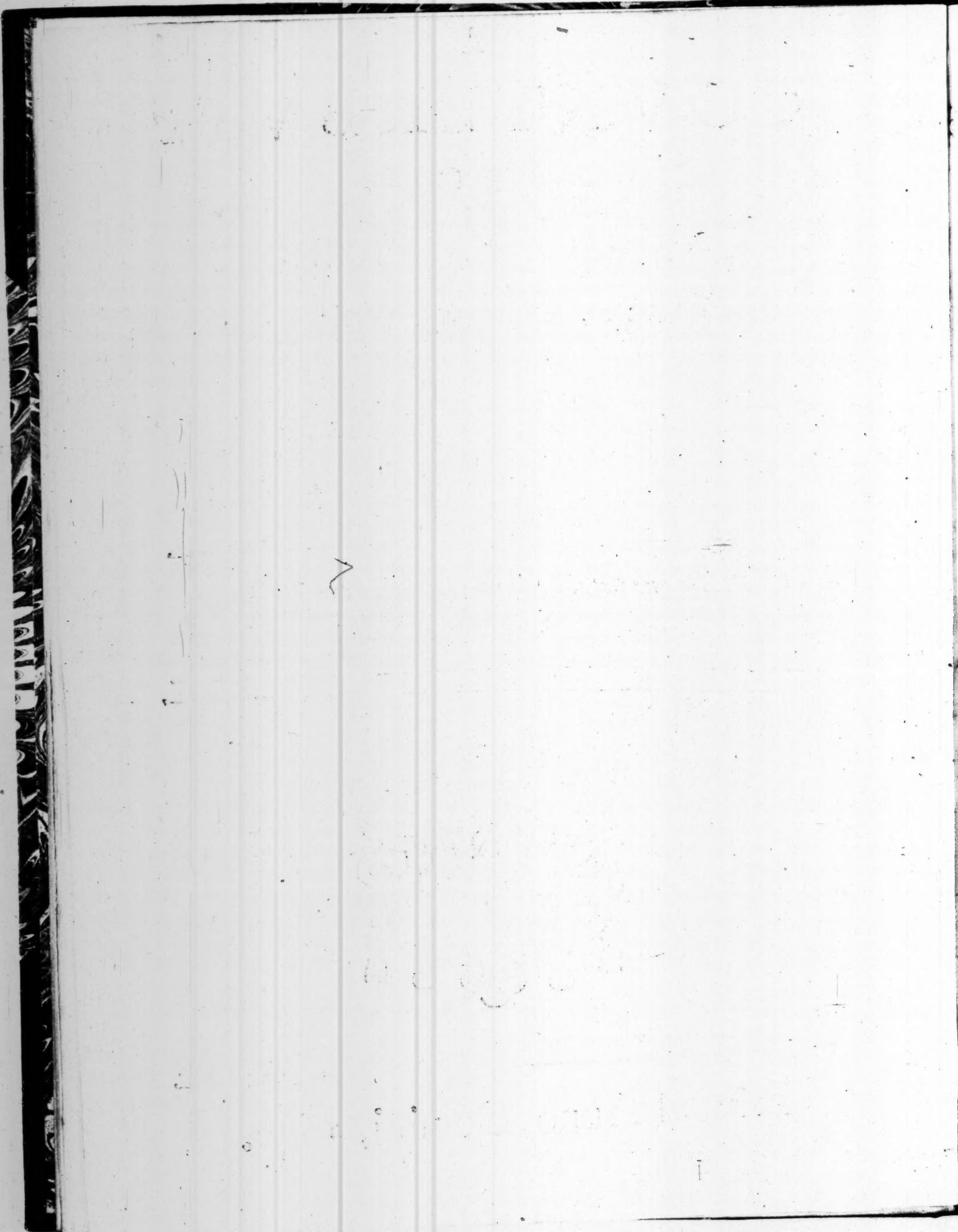
Calling himſelf a Jeſuite.

By PHILOPATRIS.

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, & immemores non finit esse sui.*



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A
COVNTER-BVFF
TO

Lyfimachus Nicanor.

A pretended Jesuite.

L Cannot now but give my grief a tongue,
Since innocence, and vertue suffer wrong;
Since calummie, and fals-hood strive to wound
Our Mothers breast, and purpose to confound
That Covenant, the Popish hyrelings foyle,
Heavens herauld sent to blesse North-Britains foyle:
A band of truth and power, the Prelats baine,
Which with our dearest bloud we will maintaine,
As sworne, Gods purer worship to defend,
Our King to serve, our straying faults to mend.

Illustrius *Trajan*, though a pagane prince,
After much bloud of Christians, did dispence
With the remainder of that Heaven-blest band,
Who through a Red sea fraungh'd their long'd-for land.
Whiles by proconsull *Plinie* he was inform'd,
That Christians in their lives were more reform'd,
Nor then was vented forth, by false report,
And that in sober way they did resort
To privat meetings, whereunto their God
They sweetly sang, some divine hymne or ode,

*Plinius
secundus,*

Committing nothing worthie *Cæsars* wrath.
 Whence all inditements, sentences of death
 Were straight repeal'd, and Christians were set free,
 Dispenc'd to brook peace, truth, and libertie.
 The like our hope and trust assures us, shall
 Unto our native homebred *Cæsar* fall :
 Whiles by some worthie *Plin'*, it shall be told him,
 That in the armes of love we still infold him,
 That the pure incense of our sacred prayers,
 Maugre the spite and pryde of all gainfayers,
 Is daily for his safety powred forth,
 And since no earthly thing is of more worth,
 Nor life and fortunes, we shall both imploy,
 For thryce-blest *Charles*, the center of our joy :
 So that we brook in full integritie,
 With peace and truth, our ancient libertie.

Then false *Lyfimachus*, thou runnigate,
 That seems to pry into the soule of state,
 That personates a subtile Jesuite,
 And yet art known a homebred parasite,
 That hath belcht forth a rapsodie of lies,
 And 'gainst thy Countrey false coyn'd calumnies :
 Thou by our Statutes hast deserv'd to die.
 An ignominious death, for such a lie,
 As may breed discord 'twixt the King and State,
 Is death : here many laws I may repeat,
 And practicks too, but these are all so clear,
 As need no glossing : Onely I will here
 Touch one for all : A *Scot* of ancient race,
 A schollar too, as thou art, liv'd a space
 In *Englands* Court, and for some privat hate,
 A pasquill did against his Countrey wreat,
 As thou hast done in fouler sort, more full
 Of vil'd aspersions, from thy phrantick skull.

Well then King *James* of lasting memorie,
 Who could not brook that any calumnie
 Should be asperst upon his native land,
 After some tryall there, he gave command,

M. Thomas
 Rosse.

The Lybeller should home go, and sustaine,
 Of doome unpartiall laws th' unpitied paine.
 And here being try'd, judg'd and adjudg'd, they fand,
 That he should losse his head, and faultie hand,
 Which straight was done in publick view ; and so
 I thinke the matter with thy self will go.

For we do sure expect our Soveraigne
 Will send thee home, that here thou may'st sustaine,
 Due punishment : But since that thy offence
 Is worse nor his, the judges may dispence
 With headings blow ; and make thee climbe the top
 Of some curst tree, come down into a rope,

Nor shall this one jest more in silence rote.
 Which carelesse I, had now almost forgot,
 Of a *Polonian* Swaine, more curious
 Nor wise or learn'd, call'd *Stercovius*.

Hither he came clade all in antique sort,
 Where seen in streets, the subject of a sport,
 He soone became to childish gazers, who
 With skrieche and clamours hiss him to and fro,
 Till forc'd he was with shame and speed to pack him,
 And to his feet and loathsome cabin take him :
 Where in a furious and chollerick mood,
 He nothing breath'd but fire, revenge and bloud,
 And fondly swore, our nations overthrow,
 He should adventure, with a suddain blow
 Of his both pregnant and pernicious pen,
 Like to a fierce and fearfull powder traine.
 Thus fraught with furie, home to *Pole* he goes,
 To wreak his spleen on his imagin'd foes :
 And there his pen he loos'd, and with more spite,
 Nor hell had taught him thoughts, he did indite
 A legend of reproaches, stuff'd with lies,
 Was bold to print, and vent those calumnies,
 Against the *Scots*, their manners and their fame,
 Of purpose to obscure their splendide name,
 In all that Esterne clyme, and tract of ground,
 Where squadrons of our Nation did abound,

Whence

Whence some choise men of ours, did take in hand,
 To supplicat the Princes of that land,
 Their wrong for to redresse : so with great paine,
 Great search, and length of time their point they gaine,
 For all vaste *Teutons* states, the *Spruch*, the *Dan*,
 Dispatch, and arme with power some trustie man,
Stercovius to pursue in any ground,
 Take and arraigne him where he may be found,
 Which is with great turmoile and travell done,
 Yet things well acted are performed soone :
 For this slie fox, hunted from hole to hole,
 At length is catch't, and unresolv'd did thole
 His head, divorce, which from his body fell
 Low to the ground, his foule I cannot tell
 Which way it went, for most unworthie I,
 That should into th' Eternals secrets pry.

Now since by law of Nations, forraigne Princes,
 Have granted patents throughout their Provinces,
 A slanderer thus to take and apprehend,
 Who did a stranger Nation vilipend,
 What shall our Sovereigne do ? when it be's known,
 How fallely thou hast lyed against thine own.

But now thy piece I must anatomize,
 And try with *Linxes* sight what therein lyes ;
 First for the bulk though spacious to the eye,
 It's pesterd with a full hydropisie,
 And from a liver rotten, drencht, and spent,
 Poyson for bloud throughout the veines are sent :
 The frontespiece unmaskes an hypocrite,
 While thou strives to play the Jesuite,
 Whence in egregious sort, thou lies, and fails
 In every point of thy false paralels :
 Daring compare our true reformed land,
 Unto the bloud-hound, hell-inspired band
 Of those, who still are hatching dreadfull things,
 And hunt the precious lives of sacred Kings.

Next with what impudent and flintie face !
 Thou makes the bloody league, a leading cace

To our blest Covenant the powerfull mean,
 God and our Kings true service to maintain.
 For of that league was not a monster made,
 A *French*-like body, with a *Spanish* head;
 Which broach'd that traiterous blot by hels devise,
 To shake, and sack the glorious flowre de Lice.
 They traitours were, times stories sure relate,
 To God and man to Prince, and to the state:
 We paternes here of love, of truth, of zeal,
 Oppos'd right in a contrare paralell,
 Have vow'd, and sworne our lives and goods to spend,
 Gods truth, our Prince, and countrey to defend:
 So are thy words like flowres but sap or roote,
 Which onely to repeat, is to confute.

Again thou say'st, we sympathize with thee,
 And strive t'ecclipse the rayes of Majestie,
 Pressing what's proper unto God alone,
 A Monarchs sacred person to dethrone,
 Of independent power him to deprive,
 And call in doubt his high prerogative.

To this our talion statute, we oppose,
 Which doth as treason hatchers judge all those,
 Who dare accuse, and cannot prove a treason:
 Thus guiltie thou's be found by law and reason.

I.6.p.II.
 c.49.

For since an hundred and eight Kings have sent,
 To royall *Charles* a pierlesse monument,
 A Crown untoucht, since famous *Feigus* hand,
 First heald the helme of our sea-bordering land;
 And that 'twixt us, and *England* rivall hate,
 Like time spent Almanacks, worne out of date,
 Is turn'd to peace, hatch'd in *Eliza's* raigne,
 And consummate by our blest Soveraigne,
 Thrice sacred *James*, that heaven-predestin'd one,
 Who should rule *Brittaine*, long dis-joyn'd alone:
 And that by *Charles* late raigne, that love knot ty'de,
 Should while as time doth last, unloos'd abide:
 We here before th' Almighty now protest,
 And by Him swear, that in our loyall breast

So

So damn'd a devilish thought did never enter,
 But full resolv'd, shall life and all adventure,
 T' uphold the pillars of that Monarchie,
 Which destin'd was by Heaven, great *Charles* for Thee,
 Brook't by so many Kings, thy brave forbears,
 Now thirty lesse then twice a thousand years:
 Nor that against our neighbours was intend,
 Any invasive power or force to send,
 But *In defence*, our royall emblam'd word;
 A Lyon crownd, a Scepter, and a Sword,
 Adorne our armes unstain'd, since *Alexander*
 Began to kythe the Eastern worlds commander:
 A Thistle here is seen, and seems this way,
 None can unpunisht me provoke to say,
 Of all these Motto's here unfold the sence,
 We take no armes but in our just defence:
 If *England* will invade, untwist that band,
 Which long hath kept the one and other land
 In peace and love, and on our bounds encroach,
 By sea or land, we must byde their reproach,
 And then our courage taught by wit and skill,
 And skill by courage arm'd, resolve we will
 The hazard of a war to under go,
 And set our face gainst our invading foe,
 The worlds great Judge no doubt, in whom we trust,
 Will be our safe-guard, as our cause is just,
 By him confirm'd, unmoveable we stand,
 And shall preserve our never conquer'd land.

Lips. de
militia
Rom. dial.
 2.

A multitude fit and compos'd in armes,
 T' invade, or to repell by force, all harmes,
 Under a certain law, an armies call'd,
 We on this part defensive, unapal'd,
 Resisting force, are forc'd to take in hand
 This war, to brook the freedome of our land,
 As our ancestors old, of farre-spread name,
 Who trac'd in true record of endlesse fame,
 Have left that Jewell unstain'd libertie,
 To be enioy'd by their posteritie.

And

And should not now their fair example tyē us,
 Though all the furies were let loose to try us,
 The same to doe, and to our off-spring leave,
 What from our fathers old we did receave ;
 Lest they should curse these dismale dayes, and say,
 We did Religion and our State betray.

But O His colours shine into the field,
 To whom we should our lives and fortunes yeeld,
 And not resist our answers short and plaine,
 Which as the law of nature all maintaine,
 To be eternall sure and immutable,
 An vniverfall law, just, firme, and stable :
 Whence flows that source of laws, which bindeth all,
 Of Nations, civil, and municipall,
 What men intend, (to keep this sweet soft breath
 Unharm'd by fierce assaults of threatening death)
 Is done by law, and may in their defence,
 Arm'd force repell, by force and violence :
 And so defend we should. being forc'd thereto,
 And in this case all's lawfull that we do.
 All faire means are assay'd, our Prince to please,
 We bend our thoughts the Lyons wrath t'appease,
 And in a most obsequious Sympathie,
 We supplicat for peace, we call, we crie,
 Which if it please him flatly to refuse,
 By this necessity, we cannot chuse
 But rise in lawfull armes, and not neglect
 Religion, Laws, and Countrey to protect.

A wise man should, the Comick sooths it so,
 Try every way before to armes he go,
 For by one tempest of a civil broyle,
 Which riseth in a late calme settled soyle,
 The Prince is more prejudg'd, nor granting to them
 Much libertie ; yea, though he should undo them,
 He's sharesman of the harme, can but obtaine,
 In end with certain losse, uncertain gaine.

A forraigne war was well compar'd of late,
 To heat of exercise into a state,

B

But

L. 3. F. de
 Just. &
 jure.
 L. Scientia
 49. S 4.
 F. ad L.
 Aquil.

Terent.

Bacon Es.
 say 29.

But bad distempers of intestine warre,
 Like to those bloud-corrupting fevers are;
 Then if whole *Brittaine* in combustion be,
 It followeth sure, the head cannot be free:
 For in each symptome of a sharpe disease,
 The head doth with the body sympathize.

O had I here the power, the place, the skill,
 To vent my well-set thoughts, as I have will,
 By truth emboldned then, I should explaine
 Our countreys case to my dread Soveraigne,
 Shew him the path-way, for his joyes encrease,
 To solace in the multitude of peace,
 To keep that band untwist, his peoples love,
 Which is the surest tye a prince can prove,
 Let pure Religion strength and vigour take,
 By reason of a state-confirmed act:
 Give way to justice, and our laws restore
 Unto the fence and force they were before:
 Banish foule gamesters flatly from the play,
 And chase ear-pleasing sycophants away:
 Unmask their face, and to a tryall bring,
 The source from whence these poysoned waters spring:
 And namelie this, and such false lybellers,
 Seditious sowers of mischief and jarres:
 Then our inlightned King with favours eye,
 Through clear, not gommie spectacles shall see
 Of loyall Subjects, here a heaven-blest brood,
 In faith, Religion, and alleadgeance good:
 Then shall Jehova shoure on him his grace,
 And breath to all his Kingdomes truth and peace:
 And whiles the sun, light to the world shall bring,
 A race of Kings from forth his loyns shall spring.

Rabelais
calls them
so.

Those mang-merd priests, drunk with the dregs of sin,
 When they a novice to confesse begin,
 They make him first bread-band his guiltinesse,
 And all his sinfull thoughts, words, deeds, expresse:
 This done, they tax and charge him with such crimes,
As never practis'd were in former times:

Thus

Thus to that youngling sins are taught and shown,
Which heretofore were neither heard nor known.

So by that other paralell of thine,
Thou cal'st in question if by power divine,
Or peoples suffrage, Monarchs are inthron'd,
By whom, and why uncrown'd, and how repon'd,
But whiles thou seems t' unmask a veritie,
Thou over-shades the royall Majestie,
And in quottations hath so farre deborded,
That people will beleieve what is recorded,
They'le tender all thou sayst, and not purloyne,
But take these vented pieces for good coyne,
Their faith is stung, they'le surely trust these men,
So Naive-lie represented by thy pen :
And if these errors be, thou dost unfold them,
For men cannot beleieve whats never told them.
Those tender points thus prest, and other things,
Shall make thee sure, a darling unto Kings :
But when thy stuffe be's tryde by *Lynxes* eye,
Thou shalt as thou deserves exalted be,
As *Haman* was great in *Assuerus* Court :
But as thou scoffes a Prince, thou makes a sport
Of sacred Scripture, and a nose of wax,
Causing her rayes on dunghills to reflex :
Thus God, the King, Nobles, and people be
Scorn'd, wrong'd, detract'd, and rail'd upon by thee,
What this deserves, let justice to it look,
There needs no ditty, but cast up thy book.

Yet since thou didst divinity professe,
As by those ragged rapsodies I guesse.
From *Dauids* mouth thine errors I proclaime,
Unto the world, as symbols of thy shame :
First in a scorners chaire thou sits, and thus
Thou art denyde these blessings pour'd on us,
Did ever scorne flow from so foule a mouth,
As his, who flouts and scoffes Gods sacred truth.
And next, thou shalt not in Gods tents abide,
Nor in his all o're-topping hill reside,

Psalm. lxxi.

Since

Psal. 15. 3. Since thou hast loos'd the arrows of thy tongue,
And done thy Countrey and thy neighbour wrong.

Ps. 26. 4. King *David* hates a two tongu'd hypocrite,
And these that in malicious lyes delite :
Thou stiles thy self a Jesuite, and so
For a diguised lyar thou must go.

Ps. 31. 18. That Kingly prophet truely hath foretold,
That thy sharp'd tongue, which is, and hath been bold
The righteous to traduce, shall silenc'd be,
Hath not this judgement justly ceas'd on thee.

Ps. 35. 11. And of those curses thou shalt have a share,
Which gainst false witnesses pronounced are,
Thou art a witnessse false, and strives to move,
Our Prince to quite his ancient Kingdomes love.

Ps. 50. 16. Thou art prohibit with thy lips profane,
Gods sacred will and precepts to explaine,
Since thou hast darted flames of infamie,

Ps. 50. 20. Against their fame, who brethren were to thee.

But here I pause, and leaves the rest to those,
Who more exact can pay thee home in prose,
Who shall uncace thy waires, let all men know,
That they be not upright though seeming so :
I'll onely point at some unwarrant'd places,
Which 'mongst thy Paralels thou interlaces.

In down right termes, in speeches plain and free,
Thou dares defend that thrice damn'd Liturgie,
Which had almost intoxicate our State,
But is abolish'd and suppress'd of late,
Which is in sound, in sence, in words expresse,
The smooth fram'd modell of an *English* masse.
Yet thou forsooth, must by thy pen defend it,
Though King and Church, hath simply it suspendit :
Thus sure thou wouldst, if urg'd thereto, maintaine
The Jewish talmude, *Turkish* alcorane.

Paral. 2. In these fore-going theams, thou proves that we
preasse to supplant a sure-fixt Monarchie,

Paral. 3. But in the following head, thou speaks beguesse,
And leaves the great point, brands us with the lesse,

For-

Forgetfull that a base and lying slave,
 A good and ready memorie should have.
 In this our hainous cryme thou qualifies,
 And looses some small shots of calumnies,
 Where greatest should be last) shows our intent,
 To loose the raynes of Church government,
 That Church affairs should not be rull'd by Kings,
 With many moe absurd, and futill things :
 So that thou seems to quite, what's first and past,
 And by correcting takes thee to the last.

But to that speech we answer all in one,
 Our King's chief ruler of the Church alone,
 And hath such power in that government,
 As is explain'd by acts of Parliament,
 From which true Subjects never can debord,
 So of both states he is the Soveraigne Lord.

Then with a daring boldnesse, thou reviles
 That sacred name, and with base skurrill stiles,
 (Though in a roguish comick jesting sort)
 Thou makes of it a sceane, a skuff, a sport,
 And calls him onely executioner
 Of laws, and worse, a servile officer,
 Or H. and least that this for thine should go,
 Thou scoffing tells that men will say it's so :
 Thus trac'd thou hast by thy pernicious pen,
 What never yet was said or thought by men.
 A fellow here was pinioned on hie,
 Convict for high contempt of Majestie,
 Whiles his Prince portrature expos'd to seal,
 He on a gibbet hung, fixt with a naile :
 And though the poore soule ha'bour'd no intent
 His King to wrong : yet his dire punishment
 (So precious is the shadow of a King)
 Was seal'd, that he on that curst tree should hing,
 And that the long-fixt tree should be o're throwne,
 Burnt, and its ashes in the aire be blowne ;
 How can our Prince then brook that round-spun speech,
 Whiles thou makes men compare him to an H ?

*Epanor-
thosis.*

J.6.p. 18.
 c. 1.& p.
 20.c.6.

pag. 11.

This was
*Ard. Cor-
nuall* a
 town offi-
 cer.

Till

Till the like doome passe on thy book and thee;
As on that pannell and his fatall tree.

Then thou at randome runnes in full carriers,
Darting thy spite against our noble Peirs,
Against our pastours, and the common sort,
Extracts the Chimick substance of a sport:
And like that howling hel-hound *Cerberus*,
Thou barks not simply at our cause, and us,
But dares disgorge thy hell invenom'd splen,
Against the splendor of heroick men.
Shall famous *Lest* now become the scope
Of thy envy, or thinks thou to unprope
His sure fixt worth, whose truely noble spirit,
Whose wit-mixt valour, whose transcending merit,
Hath imp't his vertue in the wings of fame,
And rear'd eternall trophies to his name,
Is tryde to be, and so styl'd in all parts,
A never conquer'd, conquerour of hearts,
Is woo'd by kings, who would their states assure
From all disasters, so they could procure
His stay with them, (by his directive aid)
In all exploits to be their martiall head.

Then here thy tainted conscience is appeal'd,
If thou esteem him truely paralel'd,
With damn'd *Loyola*, authour of that sect,
Who did such hyreling as thy self infect
With bloud-imbrued maximes of Estate,
For that red front, thy war presaging hate,
The progame of thy book, declares a will,
So thou hadst power thy mothers bloud to spill:
Since each draught of *Loyola* limn'd by thee,
And thus compared, proves an arrant lie,
As who would paralell this raying light,
With that dark shaddow of the fable night,
Or purer white with black, or good with evill,
Man with a beast, an angel with a devill.
It's known our Generall is of noble birth,
Offamous parents sprung, in place and worth,

Excelling

Excelling whiles they liv'd : but in their son,
 Thryce happy two, that left us such a one ;
 To whom the heavens their treasures did impart,
 A *Cupids* body, and a *Marses* heart ;
 Of mixt heroick gifts a sympathie,
 Courage with grace, valour with modestie.

Then like a swinish base pedantick slave,
 Thou makes thy snout dig in a Matrons grave,
 Snuff at her asses, though now ne're there be,
 Since she did change her mansion lusters three.
 Blinde mole taine in thy work, harsh screaching oule,
 Thou bankrupt chydng beast, thou envy's foule,
 That strives to byte heavens guest, a glorious ghost,
 Who in Ceelestiallboures amid the host,
 Of glory raying angels, doth receive
 Such joyes as God can give or man can crave.
 Curst be thy pen, curst thy immortall hate,
 For envie should prove stingleffe after fate,
 So all thou writes are hellish calumnies,
 Which take their influence from the prince of lies :
 Curse not the deaf, (this sacred text I finde,
 Nor cast a stumbling block before the blinde,
 The Lord forbids thee this, (the precept's plaine)
 I'll not obey, thou answers him again,
 But will offend and curse, (thy words are clear)
 The blinde and deaf, that neither see nor hear.

And thus far I : the rest I leave to those
 Whose divine thoughts and pen can well disclose.
 Thy devilish caball, hell-inspired Art,
 And snares to trap thy mother, pierce her heart.

Who thus complains of her unnaturall son, personating
 a Jesuite, and who hath dispersed (under that guise)
 false calumnies against the whole Estates of *Scot-*
land, and so deserves that punishment set down in
 Scripture, *Exod. 21. 17.*

That pasquiller that would me thus disgrace,
 And with such spyte, spit in his mothers face.

Rachel
Arnot.

Levit. 19.
14.

Gods

Gods curse attends him, threatned by his word,
 O then I crave, that Justice scales, and sword
 May weigh and punish : may my native Prince
 Try and revenge his guilt, and his offence.

And now thou King of kings, inthron'd above,
 By whom Kings raigne, by whom they live and move,
 Inspire in my Prince breast, a sprite of peace,
 And shoure on him thy favours and thy grace,
 Command, Lord, thy Vice-gerent, tell him plain,
 He should thy truth, and calme of peace maintain.
 He cannot force belief, let him secure
 Thy divine worship here, as true and pure.
 Appease his wrath, let not my Lyon roare,
 Nor dart his thunder on his native shore,
 So we shall praise Thee, who for ever raignes,
 And whose transcending power all powers restraines.

F I N S.

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